

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

*Kate.* I doe not know dat.

*King.* No'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin deesse*.

*Kath.* Your Maiessee aue fause Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

*King.* Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Emprise, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellows. Come, your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

*King.* Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

*Kath.* Den it fall also content me.

*King.* Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

*Kath.* *Laissez mon Seigneur, laissez, laissez, may soy: Je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

*King.* Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

*Kath.* *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee denant leur nopces il net pas le costume de France.*

*King.* Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes thee?

*Lady.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.

*King.* To kisse.

*Lady.* Your Maiessee entendre bettere que moy.

*King.* It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are married, would she say?

*Lady.* Ouy verayment.

*King.* O *Kate*, nice Customes curie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreys fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your

Country, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councill; and they should sooner perswade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

*Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.*

*Burg.* God saue your Maiesstie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English?

*King.* I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

*Burg.* Is shee not apt?

*King.* Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

*Burg.* Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparence of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to confesse to.

*King.* Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blinde and enforces.

*Burg.* They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

*King.* Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking.

*Burg.* I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*King.* This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

*Burg.* As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

*King.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

*French King.* Yes my Lord, you see them perpetually: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

*England.* Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

*France.* So please you.

*England.* I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wife, shall shew me the way to my Will.

*France.* Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason.

*England.* Is't so, my Lords of England?

*West.* The King hath graunted euery Article: His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,

According to their firme propos'd natures.

*Exit. Only*

*Exet.* Onely he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Maiesstie demands, That the King of France, hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addition, in French: *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre*; and thus in Latine; *Præclarissimus Heretere de Fraunce: et thus in Latine; Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie & Heres Francie.*

*France.* Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it passe.

*England.* I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance, Let that one Article ranke with the rest, And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

*France.* Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp Issue to me, that the contending King domes Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale, With enuy of each others happinesse, May ceale their hatred; and this deare Coniunction Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

*Lords.* Amen.

*King.* Now wel come *Kate*: and beare me witnesse all, That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

*Flourish.*

*Quee.* God, the best maker of all Marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one: As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue, So be there 'twixt your King domes such a Spoufall, That neuer may ill Office, or fell Icaloufie,

Which troubles oft the Thrust in betweene the To make diuorce of their That English may as Fre Receiue each other. Go All. Amen.

*King.* Prepare we for My Lord of Burgundy v And all the Peeres, for su Then shall I sweare to K And may our Oathes wel

*Some*

*En*

Thus farre with rough, a Our bending Author ha In little room confining Mangling by starts the fi Small time: but in that f This Starre of England. By which, the Worlds b And of it left his Sonne Henry the Sixt, in Infant l Of France and England, Whose State so many ha That they lost France, an Which oft our Stage ha In your faire minds let t

FINIS.

